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ART. III. — *The Mineral Springs of Nassau.*

Bubbles from the Brunnens of Nassau, by an Old Man.
London. 1834.

AN original, sprightly, readable book ! A little volume full of curious observation on manners, shrewd remark, sound good feeling, fine touches of description, and strong sensible writing. A sly vein of humor runs through it, which, in these dull, ill-tempered, quarrelsome times, makes one's heart glad. There is an occasional dash of coarseness, — an approach of the wag-gish to the wicked, — which had better been away, particularly as the author is an “old Man.” An old man, quotha ! We would not hear his enemy say so. We trust there is many a cheerful, vigorous, and active year still destined to cast up its bright and cheerful bubbles, in his cup of life, before that part of the jest shall turn into sad reality. We are not disposed, however, to violate the confidence, which lies hidden, in the harmless little mystery of our Author's *nom de guerre*, — a secret, we suppose, not known to above three hundred thousand readers, on both sides of the Atlantic ; and so, “old” he shall be, or any thing else he wishes, in reward for the cheerful and significant little volume, which has done more than any other we have laid hold of for some weeks, to make us young again. It would not be easy to pick out a chapter in it, that does not contain more sense, taste, and amusing matter, than can be found in one half the volumes, which the American press is daily borrowing from the English ; and for this reason it is, we suppose, that it has not been reprinted.

The book contains the remarks and sketches of the Author, on a tour to the celebrated Mineral Waters in the duchy of Nassau, a place of vast resort for German invalids, fashionables, and grandees ; but as yet barely found out by English tourists. No people in the world, perhaps, deem a summer's excursion to a watering-place so absolutely essential to life, — that is, to life physically, dietetically, fashionably, and politically considered, — as the Germans. It is said there are two hundred bathing-places, within the limits of the region covered by the broad name of Germany ; from *Carlsbad*, where none but emperors, and princes, and favorites resort, — the bath of none but kings, — down to the poor little fountain of brackish

water, which in every petty principality oozes out of the limestone, and furnishes a pretence of stealing for a week or two, from the scene of their accustomed labors and cares, to the sickly student, the wasted village preacher, the broken-hearted country lassie, drooping under the *res angusta*, that sends her faithful swain to seek his fortune afar. The matrimonial matches, that engraft the great families of Europe on the safe stock of German neutrality, and raise the astonished heirs and heiresses of four miles square to imperial thrones, are settled at the baths. The first projects of holy alliances and counter-revolutions are formed at the *brunnen*; and here the endless activity of German literary life is annually freshened and exhilarated.

Our author has taken us to some of the most celebrated of those watering-places; but by something of a caprice has almost shut out the throng of men, and women, princes, merchants, *beaux esprits*, and fashionables that resort to them. Though he speaks in passing terms of the crowd and the resort, and describes some of the groups, you feel almost alone with him; as if he and you had gone there, just before the season began, or two weeks after it is over. This effect is produced by the originality of his observations, — the strong turn of his mind as a thinker, and a describer of natural scenes, — and the evident polite disdain which he feels for the sort of anecdote, — the wretched gossip, — which usually fills the pages of the modern tourist. — Still, however, there is an occasional paragraph, which sets the mingled throng of living and travelling and bath-hunting men and women, in the boldest and most amusing relief before you.

We pass over the voyage in the steam-boat to Rotterdam, and start with our author at once, on his passage in a steam-boat up the Rhine. After describing the adroitness, with which the stoppages of the boat were managed, for the purpose of receiving and landing passengers, he thus describes the appearance, on board, of a new married couple from London; — just started on a matrimonial tour:

“As hard as they could drive, they had posted to Dover, hurried across to Calais, — thence to Brussels, — snapped a glance at the ripe corn waving on the fields of Waterloo, — stared at the relics of that great *Saint*, old Charlemagne, on the high altar of Aix-la-Chapelle, and at last sought for rest and connubial refuge at Cöln;* but the celebrated water of that town, having, in its

* Cologne.

manufacture, extracted all perfume from the atmosphere, they could not endure the dirt and smell of the place, and therefore had proceeded by land toward Coblenz; but as they were changing horses, at a small village, seeing our steam-boat in view, they ordered a party of peasants to draw their carriage to the banks of the river, and as soon as our vessel came smoking alongside, they, their rosy fresh-colored French maid, their dark, chocolate-colored chariot, and their brown, ill-looking Italian courier, were all on board.

“As soon as this young London couple lightly stepped on deck, I saw at one glance, that, without at all priding themselves on their abilities, they fancied, and indeed justly fancied, that they belonged to that class of society, which in England so modestly calls itself,—*good*. That it was not healthy society,—that its victims were exposed to late hours, crowded rooms, and impure air, was evident enough from the contrast which existed between their complexions, and that of their healthy country attendant: however, they seemed to be not only perfectly satisfied with themselves and the *clique* which they had left behind them, but to have a distaste for every thing else, which they saw. Toward some German ladies, who had slightly bowed to them, they looked with a haughty vacant stare, as if they conceived there must be some mistake; and as if, at all events, it would be necessary to keep such people off. Yet, after all, there was no great harm in these two young people. That in the countries, they were about to visit, they would be fitted only for each other, was sadly evident; however, on the other hand it was also evidently not their wish to extend their acquaintance. Their heads were lanterns, illuminated with no more brains than barely sufficient to light them on their way; so, like the babes in the wood, they sat together, hand-in-hand, regardless of every thing in creation, but themselves.

“For running their carriage down to the shore, the brown confidential courier, whose maxim was, of course, to pay little and charge much, offered the gang of peasants some kreuzers, which amounted, in English currency, to about sixpence. This they refused, and the captain of the party, while arguing with the flint-skinning courier, was actually carried off, by our steam-boat, which, like time and tide, waited for no man. The poor fellow, finding that the Italian was immovable, came aft to the elegant English couple, who were still leaning toward each other like the Siamese boys. He pleaded his case, stated his services, declared his poverty, and, in a manly voice, prayed for redress. The dandy listened,—looked at his boots, which were evidently pinching him,—listened,—passed four white fingers through the curls of his jet black hair,—showed the point of a pink tongue gently

playing with a front tooth, — and when the whole story was at an end, without moving a muscle in his countenance, in a sickly tone of voice, he pronounced his verdict as follows *Alley!*

“The creditor tried again, but the debtor sat as silent and inanimate as a corpse. However, all this time the steam-boat dragging the poor peasant out of his way, he protested in a few angry exclamations, against the injustice with which he had been treated, (a sentiment I was very sorry to hear more than once mildly whispered, by many a quiet looking German,) and descending the vessel’s side into a small boat, which had just brought us a new captive, he landed at a village, from which he had about eight miles to walk, to join his comrades.

“It is with no satirical feeling, that I have related this little occurrence. To hurt the feelings of “gay beings born to flutter but a day,” — to break such a pair of young flimsy butterflies upon the wheel, affords me neither amusement nor delight; but the every day occurrence of English travellers committing our well-earned national character for justice and liberality, to the base slave-driving hand of a courier, is a practice which, as well as the bad taste of acting the part of a London dandy, on the great theatre of Europe, ought to be checked.”

Our old gentleman, leaving the beautiful Moselle on his right, quits the steam-boat at Coblenz, and crossing to the opposite side of the river, takes up his quarters in a large hotel, standing immediately beneath the rock, whose precipitous summit is crowned by the celebrated towers of Ehrenbreitstein. From Coblenz he proceeds to Mainz, enters the duchy of Nassau, and passes through Ems, the first of the famous watering-places in the principality. Here, however, he makes no stay, but pursues his course, ascending to the elevated table land of Nassau, till he arrives at Langenschwalbach, (long Swallow’s stream), whose sulphur and chalybeate springs are among the finest in Germany. The former were known in the time of the Romans, the latter are a comparatively recent discovery. Having taken due counsel, as to the times of visiting the springs and the quantity of water to be drank from them, our author gives us, in a chapter headed *reveill  *, the result of his first experiment. As we have scarce any object but to present, for the amusement of our readers, some of the entertaining chapters of his book, we may as well make an extract of this: —

“At a quarter past five, I rose, and as soon after as possible, left the ‘hof.’ Every house was open, the streets already swept, the inhabitants all up, the living world appeared broad awake, and there was nothing to denote the earliness of the hour, but the

delicious freshness of the cool mountain air; which as yet, unenfeebled by the sun, just beaming above the hill, was in that pure state, in which it had all night long been slumbering in the valley. The face of nature seemed beaming with health, and though there were no larks at Schwalbach, gently to 'carol at the morn,' yet immense red German slugs were everywhere in my path, looking wetter, colder, fatter, and heavier, than they or I have words to express. They had evidently been gorging themselves during the night, and were now crawling into shelter, to sleep away the day.

"As soon as, getting from beneath the shaded walk of the Allée Saal, I reached the green valley leading to the Pauline *brunnen*, it was quite delightful to look at the grass, as it sparkled in the sun,—every green blade being laden with dew, in such heavy particles, that there seemed to be quite as much water as grass. Indeed the crop was actually bending under the weight of nourishment, which, during the deep silence of night, nature had liberally imparted to it; and it was evident, that the sun would have to rise high in the heavens, before it could attain strength enough, to rob the turf of this fertilizing and delicious treasure.

"At this early hour, I found but few people on the walks, and, on reaching the *brunnen*, the first agreeable thing I received there, was a smile from a very honest, homely, healthy old woman, who having seen me approaching, had selected from her table my glass, the handle of which she had marked by a piece of tape.

"'Guten Morgen!' she muttered, without at all deranging the hospitality of her smile, and then, stooping down, she dashed the vessel into the *brunnen*, beneath her feet, and in a sort of civil hurry, (lest any of its spirit should escape,) she presented me with a glass of her *eau médicinale*. Clear as crystal, sparkling with carbonic acid gas, and effervescing quite as much as champagne, it was nevertheless miserably cold; and the first morning, what with the gas, and what with the low temperature of this cold iron water, it was about as much I could do to swallow it; and, for a few seconds, feeling as if it had sluiced my stomach completely by surprise, I stood hardly knowing what was about to happen; when, instead of my teeth chattering as I expected, I felt the water suddenly grow warm within my waistcoat, and a slight intoxication, or rather exhilaration, succeeded.

"As I have always had an unconquerable aversion to walking backwards and forwards, as on a formal parade, as soon as I had drank my first glass, I at once commenced ascending the hill, which rises immediately from the *brunnen*. Paths in zig-zags are cut in various directions through the woods, but so steep, that very few of the water-drinkers like to encounter them. I found the trees to be oak and beech, the ground beneath being covered

with grass and heather, among which were growing wild, quantities of ripe strawberries and raspberries. The large red snails were in great abundance, and immense black beetles were also in the paths, heaving at and pushing upwards loads very much bigger than themselves. The grass and heather were soaked with dew, and even the strawberries looked much too wet to be eaten. However, I may observe that while drinking mineral waters, all fruit, wet or dry, is forbidden. Smothered up in the wood, there was of course nothing to be seen ; but as soon as I had gained the summit of the hill, a very pretty hexagonal rustic hut, built of trees with the bark on, and thatched with heather, presented itself. The sides were open except two, which were built up with sticks and moss. A rough round table was in the middle, upon which two or three young people had cut their names, and round the inner circumference of the hut was a bench, on which I was glad enough to rest, while I enjoyed the extensive prospect.

“ The features of this picture, so different from anything to be seen in England, are exceedingly large, and the round rolling clouds seemed bigger even than the distant mountains, upon which they rested. Not a fence was to be seen, but dark patches of wood, of various shapes and sizes, were apparently dropped down, upon the cultivated surface of the country, which, as far as the eye could reach, looked like the fairy park of some huge giant. In the fore-ground, however, small fields and little narrow strips of land, denoted the existence of a great number of poor proprietors ; and even if Langenschwalbach had not been seen, crouching at the bottom of its deep valley, it would have been quite evident, that in the immediate neighborhood, there must be, somewhere or other, a town ; for in many places the divisions of land were so small, that one could plainly distinguish provender growing, for the poor man’s cow, — the little patch of rye, which was to become bread for his children, — and the half acre of potatoes, that was to help them through the winter. Close to the town, these divisions and sub-divisions were exceedingly small ; but when every little family had been provided for, the fields grew larger ; and at a short distance from where I sat, there were crops ripe and waving, which were evidently intended for a larger and more distant market.

“ As soon as I had sufficiently enjoyed the freshness and the freedom of this interesting landscape, it was curious to look down from the hut upon the walk, which leads from the *Allée Saal* to the *brunnen*, or well of Pauline ; for, by this time, all ranks of people had arisen from their beds, and the sun being now warm, the *beau monde* of Langenschwalbach was seen slowly loitering up and down the promenade.

“ At the rate of about a mile and a half an hour, I observed

several hundred quiet people, crawling through and fretting away that portion of their existence, which lay between one glass of cold iron-water and another. If an individual were to be sentenced to such a life, which in fact has all the fatigue without the pleasing sociability of the tread-mill, he would call it melancholy beyond endurance ; yet there is no pill which fashion cannot gild, or which habit cannot sweeten. I remarked that the men were dressed generally in loose, ill-made, snuff-colored great coats, with awkward travelling caps of various shapes, instead of hats. The picture, therefore, taking it altogether, was a homely one ; but although there were no particularly elegant, or fashionably looking people, although their gait was by no means attractive, yet, even from the lofty distant hut, I felt that it was impossible to help admiring the good sense and good feeling, with which all the elements of this German community appeared to be harmonizing with each other. There was no jostling or crowding ; no apparent competition ; no turning round to stare at strangers. There was ‘no martial look nor lordly stride,’ but real genuine good breeding seemed natural to all. It is true there was nothing which bore a very high aristocratic polish ; yet it was equally evident, that the substance of their society was good enough not to require it.

“The behaviour of such a motley assemblage of people, who belonged of course to all ranks and conditions of life, in my humble opinion did them and their country very great credit. It was quite evident that every man on the promenade, whatever may have been his birth, was desirous of behaving like a gentleman ; and that there was no one, however exalted might be his station, who wished to do any more.

“That young lady, rather more quietly dressed than the rest of her sex, is the Princess Leuenstein. Her countenance, (could it but be seen from the hut,) is as unassuming as her dress, and her manner as quiet as her bonnet. Her husband, who is one of the group of gentlemen behind her, is mild, gentleman-like, and, (if in these days such a title may without offence be given to a young man,) I would add, — he is modest. There are one or two other princes on the promenade, with a very fair sprinkling of dukes,* counts, and barons.

‘There they go, altogether in a row,’

but though they congregate, — though like birds of a feather they flock together, — is there, I ask, any thing arrogant in their behavior ? And the respect, which they meet with from every one,

* Our author’s English notions have misled him. In Germany *duke* is a higher title than *prince*. The former is confined to some reigning princes in the German confederacy. The latter is a mere title of nobility.

does it not seem to be honestly their due? That uncommonly awkward short little couple, who walk, holding each other by the hand, and who *à propos* to nothing, occasionally break playfully into a trot, are a Jew and Jewess lately married; and, as it is whispered, that they have some mysterious reason for drinking the waters, the uxorious anxiety, with which the little man presents the glass of cold comfort to his partner, does not pass completely unobserved. That slow gentleman, with such an immense body, who seems to be acquainted with the most select people on the walk, is an ambassador, who goes no where, — not even to mineral waters, — without his French cook, a circumstance quite enough to make every body speak well of him. A very honest, good-natured man he seems to be; but as he walks, can anything be more evident, than that his own cook is killing him; and what possible benefit can a few glasses of cold water do to a corporation, which Falstaff's belt would be too short to encircle?

"Often and often have I pitied Diogenes for having lived in a tub; but this poor ambassador is infinitely worse off, for the tub, it is too evident, lives *in him*, and carry it about with him he must, wherever he goes."

The greater part of the residue of this chapter is taken up in a discussion of the comparative modes, in which horses are harnessed for draught, in England, France, and Germany. In England the animal's head is drawn back or up by the check rein; in Germany it is drawn down to the lower edge of the collar; in France it is drawn neither up nor down, but is left to take its natural position. Our author gives the preference to the French practice, as affording the freest scope to the natural action of the animal. Next to this, he places the German mode, as confining the head indeed, but confining it, in that position, which the animal, in applying his strength for the purposes of draught, naturally assumes. The English method of reining up he decidedly condemns, as putting it wholly out of the power of the animal, to accomplish his task by weight and impulse, and compelling him to perform it, by the strain of muscle and sinew.

The next chapter describes the external use of the waters of Langenschwalbach, which we must give as a *pendant* to the foregoing picture:

"As soon as the patient was ready to enter his bath, the first feeling, which crossed his mind, as he stood shivering on the brink, was a disinclination to dip even the foot into a mixture, which looked about as thick as a horse-pond, and about the color

of Mullagitawney soup. However, having come as far as Langenschwalbach, there was nothing to say, but *en avant*; and so, descending the steps, I got into stuff, so deeply colored with the red oxide of iron, that the body, when a couple of inches below the surface, was invisible. The temperature of the water was neither hot nor cold; but I was no sooner immersed in it, than I felt it was of a strengthening, bracing nature; and I could almost have fancied myself lying with a set of hides in a tan-pit. The half hour, which every day I was sentenced to spend in this decoction, was by far the longest in the twenty-four hours; and I was always very glad, when my chronometer, which I hung on a nail before my eyes, pointed permission to extricate myself from the mess. While the body was floating, hardly knowing whether to sink or swim, I found it was very difficult for the mind to enjoy any sort of recreation, or to reflect for two minutes on any one subject; and as half shivering I lay, watching the minute-hand of the dial, it appeared the slowest traveller in existence.

“These baths are said to be very apt to produce head-ache, sleepiness, and other slightly apoplectic symptoms; but surely such effects proceed from the silly habit of not immersing the head. The frame of man has beneficently been made capable of existing under the line or near either of the poles of the earth. We know it can even live in an oven, in which meat is baking; but surely if it were possible to send one half of the body to Iceland, while the other was reclining on the banks of Fernando Po, the trial would be exceedingly severe, inasmuch as nature, never having contemplated such a vagary, has not thought it necessary to provide against it. In a less degree, the same argument applies to bathing, particularly in mineral waters; for even the common pressure of water on the portion of the body, which is immersed in it, tends mechanically to push or force the blood toward that part of it, (the head,) enjoying a rarer medium. But when it is taken into calculation, that the mineral mixture of Schwalbach acts on the body, not only mechanically, by pressure, but medicinally, being a very strong astringent, there needs no wizard to account for the unpleasant sensation so often complained of.

“For the above reason, I resolved that my head should share alike with the rest of my system; in short that it deserved to be strengthened as much as my limbs. The way in which I bathed, with the reasons which induced me to do so, were mentioned to Dr. Feuner. He made no objection, but in silence shrugged up his shoulders. However, the fact is, in this instance, as well as in many others, he is obliged to prescribe no more than human nature will comply with. And as Germans are not much in the habit of washing their heads, — and even if they were, as

they would certainly refuse to dip their skulls into a mixture, which stains the hair a deep red color, upon which common soap has not the slightest detergent effect, — the doctor probably feels, that he would only lose his influence, were he publicly to undergo the defeat of being driven from a system, which all men would agree to abominate. Although, of course, in coming out of the bath, the patient rubs himself dry and apparently clean, yet the rust, by exercise, comes out so profusely, that not only is the linen of those who bathe stained, but even their sheets are similarly discolored; the dandy's neckcloth becomes red; and when the head has been immersed, the pillow, in the morning, looks as if a rusty thirteen-inch shell had been reposing on it."

The succeeding chapters contain a description of a dinner at the ordinary, (in which, while the civility of the company is highly commended, the taste of the German *cuisine* is roughly handled), the promenade after dinner, the *Schwein general*, or swine-herd, a grotesque sketch of the manner, in which the swine of the village are driven out every morning to their woodland pasture, and home in the evening; the service of the Lutheran chapel; the opening of a new school-house; a deserted protestant church, a fine touching picture of a place of village worship, sinking under the weight of years; the Jewish synagogue; the harvest, and the practice of employing cows, in the small carts of the peasants, instead of other animals of draught; sunset, — a charming landscape, ending with the singular adventure of a young lady, who (whether in vision or reality appeareth not) alarmed at the belief, that there are rats in her bed, disturbs the quiet of midnight, with her outcries; a knight of Malta, a description of that island, a glance at its importance, and at the history of its acquisition, with an admirably told story of a wretched Turkish renegade, executed for a murder committed on a Maltese. — These chapters, miscellaneous and diversified as they are, in their contents, are all written with great spirit, and contain a world of entertaining and original remark; but we must hasten with our author to the neighboring waters of Schlangenbad or *Serpent's bath*.

The appropriateness of this name will appear from the following passage: —

"After following my attendant, through a labyrinth of passages, (one of which not only leaned sideways, but had an ascent like a hill,) she at last unlocked a door, which was no sooner opened, than I saw glide along the floor, close by me, a couple of small serpents! As the lady was talking very earnestly at the time, I

merely flinched aside, as they passed, without making any observation; but after I had crossed a small garden, she pointed to a door, which she said was that of the source, and while she stopped to speak to one of the servants, I advanced alone and opening the gate, saw beneath me a sort of *brunnen*, with three serpents, about the size of vipers, swimming about in it! Unable to contain my surprise, I made a signal to the lady, with my staff, and as she hurried towards me, I still pointed to the reptiles, as if to know why, in the name of Esculapius, they were allowed thus to contaminate the source of the baths?

"In the calmest manner possible, my conductress, (who seemed perfectly to comprehend my sensations,) replied *au contraire c'est ce qui donne la qualité à ces eaux*.

"The quantity of these reptiles, or Schlangen, that exist in the woods surrounding the spring, is very great; and they, of course, have given their name to the place. When full grown, they are about five feet long, and in hot weather are constantly seen gliding across the paths, or rustling under the dead leaves of the forest."

The following description of the quality of the Schlangenbad waters will go far, we think, to overcome the repugnance, which the foregoing account of the origin of their name, may have awakened in one class of our readers. We have heard their efficacy commended in language equally strong, by many persons, who have made trial of it.

"The baths at Schlangenbad are the most harmless and delicious luxuries of the sort I have ever enjoyed; and I really quite looked forward to the morning, for the pleasure, with which I paid my addresses to this delightful element. The effect it produces on the skin is very singular. It is about as warm as milk, but infinitely softer; and after dipping the hand into it, if the thumb be rubbed against the fingers, it is said by many to resemble satin. Nevertheless, whatever may be its sensation, when the reader reflects, that people not only come to these baths from Russia, but that the water in stone bottles, merely as a cosmetic, is sent to St. Petersburg and other distant parts of Europe, he will admit, that it must be soft indeed, to have gained for itself such an extraordinary degree of celebrity: for there is no town at Schlangenbad, not even a village. Nothing therefore but the real or fancied charm of the water could attract people into a little sequestered valley, which in every sense of the word is out of the sight of the civilized world. And yet I must say, I never remember to have existed in a place, which possessed such fascinating beauties. Besides which, (to say nothing of breathing pure dry air), it is no small pleasure to live in a skin, which puts all people in good humor, at least with themselves. But besides the

cosmetic charms of this water, it is declared to possess virtues of a more substantial character. It is said to tranquillize the nerves, to soothe all inflammation; and from this latter property, the cures of consumption which are reported to have been effected, among human beings and cattle, may have proceeded. Yet, whatever good effect the water may have upon this insidious disorder, its first operation most certainly must be, to neutralize the *bad* effect of the climate, which, to consumptive patients, must be a decidedly severe trial; for delightful as it is to people in robust health, yet the keenness of the mountain air, together with the sudden alternations of temperature, to which the valley of Schlangenbad is exposed, must, I think, be any thing but a remedy for weak lungs.

“The effect produced upon the skin, by lying about twenty minutes in the bath, I one day happened to overhear a short fat Frenchman describe to his friend, in the following words;— ‘*Monsieur, dans ces bains, on devient absolument amoureux de soi-même.*’ I cannot exactly corroborate this gallic statement, yet I must admit, that limbs, even old ones, gradually do appear as if they were converted into white marble. The skin assumes a sort of glittering phosphoric brightness, resembling very much white objects, which, having been thrown overboard, in calm weather within the tropics, many of my readers have probably watched sinking in the ocean, which seems to blanch and illuminate them, as they descend. The effect is very extraordinary, and I know not how to account for it, unless it be produced by some prismatic refraction, caused by the peculiar particles, with which the fluid is impregnated.”

The following pleasant sketch, will make the reader acquainted with some of the humors of a German watering-place. It seems, that, in the basement story of our author's abode, was an aged couple, whose business it was to prepare the baths and furnish towels to those who used them. The waters of Schlangenbad, notwithstanding their marvellous powers in smoothing and softening the skin, appear to have had the opposite effect, on the temper of this worthy couple, who seem to have furnished a specimen of what Mr. Bulwer happily describes as a cat and dog union. The “old woman,” however, as our author unceremoniously calls her, invariably got the better of the argument. This, we believe, is all that is necessary, (by way of introduction), to the understanding of the following extract:—

“After I had had my bath, the old wife being out of the way,

I one day paid a visit of compliment to her husband, who had shown, by many little attempted attentions, that he was as anxious as his partner to serve me. With great delight, he showed me several bottles full of serpents; and then opening a wooden box, he took out, as a fisherman would handle eels, some very long ones, — one of which, (first looking over his shoulder to see that a certain personage was away,) he put upon a line, which she had stretched across the room, for drying clothes. In order, I suppose, to demonstrate to me that the reptile was harmless, he took it off the rope, along which it was moving very quickly; and without submitting his project for my approbation, he suddenly placed it on my breast, along which it crawled, until stretching its long neck, with half its body into the air, it held on in a most singular manner, by a single fold in the cloth, which by a sort of contortion of the vertebra, it firmly grasped.

“The old man, to appearance highly satisfied with this first act of his entertainment, gravely proceeded to show living serpents of all colors and sizes, — stuffed serpents and serpents’ skins, — all of which seemed very proper hobbies, to amuse the long winter evenings of the aged servant of Schlangenbad, or the serpent’s bath. At last, however, the fellow’s dry, blanched, wrinkled face began to smile. Grinning, as he slowly mounted on a chair, he took from a high shelf, a broad-mouthed, white glass bottle, and then, in a sort of savage ecstasy, pronouncing the word ‘*Baromet!*’ he placed it in my hand.

“The bottle was about half full of dirty water, — a few dead flies and crumbs of bread were at the bottom, — and near the top, there was a small piece of thin wood, which went about half across the phial. Upon this slender scaffolding, its fishy eyes staring upwards at a piece of coarse linen, which, being tied round the mouth of the bottle served as a cork, — the shrivelled skin of its under-jaw, moving at every sweltering breath which it took, — there sat a large, speckled, living toad!

“Like Sterne’s captive, he had not, by his side, ‘a bundle of sticks, notched with all the dismal days and nights he had passed there.’ Yet their sum total was as clearly expressed in the unhealthy color of the poor creature’s skin; and certainly in my life-time, I never before had seen what might truly be called — a sick toad.

“It was quite impossible to help pitying any living being, confined by itself in so miserable a dungeon. However, the old man’s eyes were beaming with pride and delight, at what he conceived to be his own ingenuity, — and exclaiming ‘*Schönes wetter,*’ (fine weather), he pointed to the wood-work on which the poor creature was sitting; — and then he exultingly explained, that, as soon as it should be going to rain, the toad would get

down into the water. ‘Baromét,’ repeated the old fellow, grinning from ear to ear, as, mounting on the chair, he replaced his prisoner on the shelf.”

Apropos to a peep into the village-school at Schlangenbad, our author treats us to a pretty long and very ingenious essay on classical education, condemning, in no very measured terms, the system pursued at the public schools of Great Britain, as being altogether ill-adapted to fit the future legislator, naval or military officer, or country gentleman, for the duties of life. He complains, in his own person, that, at the age of fourteen, he left his classical school, scarce knowing the name of a single river in the new world, and tired almost to death with the history of the Ilissus; whereas, in after life, he entered a river of America, more than five times as broad as from Dover to Calais, and repeatedly walked across the Ilissus in twenty seconds, without wetting his ankles. Our author seems also, in his school-boy days, to have been a good deal worried with the names of Actæon’s hounds, and is still pursued with the recollection of

“Dromas, et Canace, Sticteque, et Tigris, et Alce.”

We do not propose to say a word, in this out-of-the-way place, on the utility of classical literature, for the purposes of after-life. That is a theme far too important for an incidental discussion. But the great evil of English education is, (supposing the facts to be as our author represents them, of which we have not information, sufficiently accurate to enable us to judge,) that the attention of the learner, at the schools and the universities, is unnecessarily confined to classical studies. There is no necessity, because ancient geography is taught, that modern geography should be neglected. There is time enough to learn all about the Ilissus and all about the river Plate; and a young man may study Greek and Latin, and French and Italian, and geography and history, into the bargain. This simple truth is overlooked in most of the discussions, which we have seen of the expediency of pursuing the study of classical literature at school and college. It has been hastily assumed, that we are driven to the alternative of dactyles and spondees on the one hand, or history, and statistics, and other branches of what is commonly called useful science on the other. The consequence has been, that when sensible men have taken hold of the subject, (erring only in supposing

that such an alternative of necessity exists), they have satisfactorily demonstrated either side of the question. There is no difficulty in proving, that classical literature is an indispensable part of a thorough education ; and quite as little in proving the same of the most important modern languages and of the leading branches of natural and exact science. What then is to be done ? — Teach them all ; which, with the multiplication and improvement of aids, can be done in less time and with greater ease, than may be thought. The years usually spent at school are amply sufficient for the purpose ; and nothing is wanted but the ability to teach on the one side, and the aptitude to learn on the other. We repeat again, we by no means undertake to say, that the English schools are what our author describes them, confined to a meagre classical routine. But if they are, they are vastly in arrears of the schools in Germany, and much behind many in our own country ; in which, while the learned languages are well taught, the other branches of useful knowledge receive their share of attention.

But it is time to pass, with our author, from Schlangenbad to Nieder-selters, the springs from which, what is commonly called Selzer-water is drawn, and exported to every part of the civilized globe. It is situated at the distance of about eighteen miles from Langenschwalbach, and is described in the following terms.

“ The features of the country now began to grow larger than ever ; and though crops, green and brown, were, as far as the eye could reach, gently waving round me, yet the want of habitations, plantations, and fences, gave to the extensive prospect an air of desolation. The picture was perhaps grand, but it wanted foreground. However, this deficiency was soon most delightfully supplied, by the identical object I was in search of, — viz. the *brunnen* and establishment of Nieder-selters, which suddenly appeared on the road-side, close before me, scarcely a quarter of a mile from its village.

“ The moment I entered the great gate of the enclosure, which, surrounded by a high stone wall, occupies about eight acres of ground, so strange a scene presented itself suddenly to my view, that my first impression was, I had discovered a new world inhabited by brown stone bottles ; for in all directions were they to be seen, rapidly moving from one part of the establishment to another, — standing actually in armies on the ground, or piled in immense layers or strata, one above another. Such a profusion and such a confusion of bottles, it had never entered into human imagination to conceive ; and before I could bring my eyes to stoop

to detail, with uplifted hands, I stood for several seconds in utter amazement.

“On approaching a large circular shed, covered with a slated roof, supported by posts but open on all sides, I found the single *brunnen* or well, from which this highly celebrated water is forwarded to almost every quarter of the globe, — to India, the West Indies, the Mediterranean, Paris, London, and to almost every city in Germany. The hole, which was about five feet square, was bounded by a frame-work of four strong beams mortised together; and the bottom of the shed being boarded, it very much resembled, both in shape and dimensions, one of the hatches in the deck of a ship. A small crane with three arms, to each of which there was suspended a square iron crate or basket, a little smaller than the *brunnen*, stood about ten feet off; and while peasant girls, with a stone bottle (holding three pints) dangling on every finger of each hand, were rapidly filling two of these crates, which contained seventy bottles, a man turned the third by a winch, until it hung immediately over the *brunnen*, into which it then rapidly descended. The air in these seventy bottles being immediately displaced by the water, a great bubbling of course ensued; but, in about twenty seconds, this having subsided, the crate was raised; and while seventy more bottles descended from another arm of the crane, a fresh set of girls curiously carried off these full bottles, one on each finger of each hand, ranging them in several long rows upon a large table or dresser, — also beneath the shed. No sooner were they there, than two men, with surprising activity, put a cork into each; while two drummers, with a long stick, in each of their hands, hammering them down, appeared as if they were playing upon musical glasses.

“Another set of young women now instantly carried them off, four and five in each hand, to men, who, with sharp knives, sliced off the projecting part of the cork; and this operation being over, the poor jaded bottles were delivered over to women, each of whom actually covered three thousand of them in a day with white leather, which they firmly bound with packthread round the corks; and then, without placing the bottles on the ground, they delivered them over to a man seated beside them, who, without any apology, dipped each of their noses into boiling hot rosin; and before they had recovered from this operation, the Duke of Nassau’s seal was stamped upon them, by another man; when off they were hurried fifteen and twenty at a time, by girls, to magazines where they peacefully remained ready for exportation.

“Having followed a set of bottles from the *brunnen* to the store, where I left them resting from their labors, I strolled to another

part of the establishment, where were empty bottles, calmly waiting for their turn to be filled. I here counted twenty-five bins of bottles, each four yards broad, six yards deep, and eight feet high. A number of young girls were carrying thirty-four of them, at a time, on their heads to an immense trough, which was kept constantly full, by a large fountain pipe, of beautifully clear fresh water. The bottles on arriving here were filled brim full, (as I conceived for the purpose of being washed,) and were then ranged in ranks or rather solid columns of seven hundred each, there being ten rows of seventy bottles.

"It being now seven o'clock, a bell rung as a signal for giving over work, and the whole process came suddenly to an end; for a few seconds the busy laborers, (as in a disturbed ant-heap,) were seen irregularly hurrying in all directions; but in a very short time all had vanished. For a few minutes, I ruminated in solitude, about the premises, and then set out to take up my abode for the night, at the village, or rather, town of Nieder-selters. However, I had no sooner, as I vainly thought, bid adieu to bottles, than I saw, like Birnam wood coming to Dunsinane, bottles approaching me, in every possible variety of attitude.

"It appears that all the inhabitants of Nieder-selters are in the habit of drinking in their houses this refreshing water; but as the *brunnen* is in requisition by the duke, all day long, it is only before or after work, that a private supply can be obtained. No sooner therefore does the evening bell ring, than every child in the village is driven out of its house, to take empty bottles to the *brunnen*; and it was this singular looking legion, which was now approaching me. The children really looked as if they were made of bottles. Some wore a pyramid of them in baskets on their heads. Some were laden with them hanging over their shoulders, before and behind. Some carried them strapped round their middles; all had their hands full; and little urchins, that could scarcely walk, were advancing, each hugging in its hands one single bottle. In fact, at Neider-selters an 'infant' means a being totally unable to carry a bottle; — a strong man brags of the number he can carry; — and superannuation means being no longer able, in this world, — to bear bottles."

The next day being a festival, the host of water-bearers had ceased labor at nine o'clock, and gone to the church. Our author embraced this opportunity of examining the establishment, at his leisure. On going toward the rows of bottles last described, as being filled with pure water, and as he supposed to wash them, he found about one third of them, with their noses broken off. This is done by an officer of the duke entrusted with that duty, who goes the rounds, with a hammer, knocking off the

head of every bottle, appearing to be porous or leaky. From a return furnished to our author, by the officer at the head of the establishment for bottling up and exporting this water, it appears that in the year 1832, one million, thirty-three thousand, six hundred and sixty-two large bottles were exported, and about a fourth part as many small ones. By the time a bottle is sealed, it has undergone fifteen operations, all performed by different people. The Duke of Nassau, furnishing his own bottles, pays $17\frac{1}{2}$ kreuzers, (equal to about as many cents,) for every hundred, large or small, filled and placed in his magazines. The peasants either share the labor and profits among themselves; or sometimes all the operations on a certain number of bottles will be performed, by the members of one family. So much activity, however, is required in constantly stooping and carrying off the bottles, that this portion of the work is principally performed by young women of eighteen or nineteen, assembled from all the neighboring villages; and who, by working from three o'clock in the morning till seven at night, can gain a florin a day, or thirty florins a month, Sunday, except during the time of service, not being a day of rest. Thirty florins, we believe, of the duchy of Nassau, may be about equal to twelve dollars. For the bottles themselves, the duke pays four and a half florins a hundred for the large ones, and three florins a hundred for the small ones. The large bottles, when full, are sold by him at the spring, for thirteen florins a hundred. His income, in the year 1833, is calculated by our author, to have been fifty thousand florins, from the sale of this water. The duke's ancestor originally gave a butt of wine for the *brunnen*!

We must pass over the visit to the monastery of Eberbach, the journey performed upon an ass to Mainz, and the romantic legend of the great plane tree of Frauenstein. But from the excursion to the Niederwald, we must make room for the following pretty scene.

“On arriving at Rudesheim, I most joyfully extricated myself from the carriage, and instantly hiring a guide and a mule, I contentedly told the former to drive me before him, to the point in his neighborhood, which was generally considered as best worth seeing; and perfectly unconscious where he would propel me, the man began to beat the mule, — the mule began to trot along, — and, little black memorandum-book in hand, I began to make my notes.

“After ascending a very narrow path, which passed through the vineyards, the sun, as I became exposed to it, feeling hotter and hotter, I entered a wild, low, stunted plantation of oak shrubs, which was soon exchanged for a noble wood of oak and beech trees, between which I had room enough to ride in any direction.

“The shade was exceedingly agreeable. The view, however, was totally concealed, until I suddenly came to a projecting point, on which there was a small temple, commanding a most splendid prospect.

“After resting here a few minutes, the mule and his burden again entered the forest; and continuing to ascend to a considerable height, we both at last approached a large stone building like a barrack, part of which was in ruins; and no sooner had we reached its southern extremity, when my guide, with a look of vast importance, arrested the progress of the beast. As I beheld nothing at all, worth the jolting I had had in the carriage, I felt most grievously disappointed; and though I had no one’s bad taste to accuse but my own, in having committed myself to the barbarous biped, who stood before me, yet I felt, if possible, still more out of sorts, on the fellow’s desiring me to halloo as loud as I could, he informing me, with a look of indescribable self-satisfaction, that as soon as I should do so, an echo would repeat all my exclamations three times!

“The man seeing that I did not at all enjoy his noisy miracle, made a sign to me to follow him, and he accordingly led me to what appeared to my eyes to be nothing but a large heap of stones, held together by brambles. At one side, however, of this confused mass, there appeared to be a hole, which looked very much as if it had been intended as an ice-house. However, on entering it, I found it to be a long, dark, subterranean passage, cut out of the solid rock; and here, groping my way, I followed my guide, until coming to a wooden partition or door, he opened it, when, to my great astonishment and delight, I found myself in an octagonal chamber, most deservedly called *die bezauberte Höhle*, the enchanted cave!

“It was a cavern or cavity in a rock, with three fissures or embrasures, radiating at a small angle; yet each looking down upon the Rhine, which, pent within its narrow rocky channel, was, at a great depth, struggling immediately beneath us. The sudden burst into day-light, and the brightness of the gay, sunshiny scenes which, through the three rude windows had come so suddenly to view, (for I really did not know, that I was on the brink of the precipice of the Rhine,) was exceedingly enchanting; and I was most fully enjoying it, as well as the reflection, that there was no one to interrupt me, when I suddenly fancied that I certainly heard, somewhere or other, within the bowels of the living rock,

in which I was embedded, a faint sound like the melody of female voices, which, in marked measure, seemed to swell stronger and stronger, until I decidedly and plainly heard them, in full chorus, chanting a well known national air. From time to time the earthly or unearthly sounds died away, — lost in the intricate turns of the subterraneous passage; — at last they were heard, as if craving permission to enter, and my guide running to the wooden door, no sooner threw it wide open, than, the music at once rushing in like a flood, filled the vaulted chamber, in which I stood, and in a few seconds, to my very great surprise, there marched in, two by two, a youthful bridal party! The heads of eight or ten young girls, (following a bride and bridegroom) were ornamented with wreaths of bright green leaves, which formed a pleasing contrast with their brown hair of various shades, and, most particularly, with the raven black-tresses of the bride, which were plaited round her pleasing modest-looking face very gracefully.

“The whole party, (the bridegroom, the only representative of his sex, of course, included,) had left Mainz, that morning to spend a happy day in the magic cave; and certainly their unexpected appearance gave a fairy enchantment to the scene.”

After an admirable description of the various landscape to be seen from this beautiful position our author proceeds,

“Having at last mounted my mule, I attempted to bid my companions farewell; — however, they insisted on accompanying me and my guide through the forest, singing their national airs in chorus as they went. Their footsteps kept pace with their tunes, and as they advanced thrilled among the trees, with great effect. Sometimes the wild melody, like a stop-waltz, suddenly ceased, and they proceeded several paces in silence; and then again it as unexpectedly burst upon the ear. In short, like the children of all German schools, they had evidently been taught time and the complete management of their voices, a natural and pleasing accompaniment, which can scarcely be sufficiently admired.”

Our author did not attempt to draw their history from the young people themselves; but he learned from his guide, as a kind of mystery, that the couple who led the gay procession were not married, but *verlobt* (betrothed,) or, as he rather ungallantly expresses it, “under sentence eventually to be married.”

“This quiet, jog-trot, half and half connubial arrangement,” says he, “is very common indeed all over Germany; and no sooner is it settled and approved of, than the young people are permitted to associate together at almost all times, notwithstanding it is

often decreed to be prudent, that many years should elapse, before their marriage can possibly take place. In short, they are constantly obliged to wait until either their income rises sufficiently, or until butter, meat, bread, coffee, and tobacco sufficiently fall.

"As seated on my mule, I followed these steady, well-behaved, and apparently well-educated young people, through the forest, listening to their cheerful choruses, I could not, during one short interval of silence, help reflecting, how differently such unions are managed in different parts of the globe.

"A quarter of a century has nearly elapsed, since I chanced to be crossing from the island of Salamis to Athens, with a young Athenian of rank, who was also in his way "affianced." We spent, I remember, the night together, in an open boat, and certainly never did I, before or since, witness the aching of a lad's heart, produce effects so absolutely resembling the aching of his stomach. My friend lay at the bottom of the *trabacolo*, absolutely groaning with love. His moans were piteous beyond description, and nothing seemed to afford his affliction any relief, but the following stanza, which, over and over again, he continued most romantically singing to the moon :—

' Quando la notte viene,
Non ho riposo, O Nice,
Son misero e infelice,
Esser lontan da te !'

On his arrival at Athens, he earnestly entreated me to call for him, on the object of his affections, for he himself, by the custom of his country, was not allowed to see her, exactly from the same reason which permitted the young German couple, to stroll together, through the lonely, lovely forest of the Niederwald, namely — because they were '*verlobt*.' "

At length our author takes his final adieu of Schlangenbad and repairs to Wiesbaden, the last of the *brunnens* described by him, — and of a character still different from all the preceding. Witness the following sketch :—

"In strolling very slowly about the town after dinner, the first object which aroused my curiosity was a stream I observed rising through the iron gratings, which, at the corners of the streets, covered the main drains or common sewers of the town. At first, I thought it proceeded from washer-women, pig-scalders, or some such artificial cause ; but I no sooner reached the great *koch-brunnens*, (boiling spring,) than I learned it was the natural temperature of the Wiesbaden waters, that had thus attracted my attention.

"As I stood before this immense cauldron, with eyes staring at the volume of steam, which was arising from it, and with ears

listening to a person, that was voluntarily explaining to me, that there were fifteen other springs in the town, their temperature being at all times of the year about 140° of Fahrenheit, I could not help feeling a sort of unpleasant sensation, similar to what I had experienced, on the edges of Etna and Vesuvius. In short, I had been so little accustomed to live in a town heated by subterranean fire, that it just crossed my mind, whether, in case the engineer below, from laziness, should put on too many coals at once, or from carelessness, should neglect to keep open his proper valves, an explosion might not take place, which would suddenly send me, Koch-brunnen, Wiesbaden & Co. on a shooting excursion to the Duke's lofty hunting seat, the Platte.

"In describing the taste of the mineral water at Wiesbaden, were I to say that, while drinking it, one hears, in one's ears, the cackling of hens, and that one sees feathers flying before one's eyes, I should certainly grossly exaggerate; but when I declare, that it exactly resembles very hot chicken broth, I only say, what Dr. Granville said, and what in fact every body says and must say, respecting it; and certainly I do wonder why the common people should be at the inconvenience of making bad soup, when they can get much better from nature's great stock-pot, — the *Koch-brunnen* of Wiesbaden. At all periods of the year, summer or winter, the temperature of this broth remains the same, and when one reflects that it has been bubbling out of the ground, and boiling over, in the very same state, certainly from the time of the Romans and probably from the time of the flood, it is really astonishing to think what an apparatus there must exist below, — what an inexhaustible stock of provisions, to ensure such an everlasting supply of broth, always formed of exactly the same eight or ten ingredients, — always salted to exactly the same degree, — and always served up at exactly the same heat.

"One would think that some of the particles in the recipe would be exhausted; in short, to speak metaphorically, that the chickens would at last be boiled to rags, or that the fire would go out for want of coals. But the oftener one reflects on subjects of this sort, the oftener is the old fashioned observation repeated, that let a man go where he will, OMNIPOTENCE is never from his view!"

With this passage we close our extracts. Our author is brought in it to a just reflection, toward which his better feelings have evidently been struggling, during the whole of the description of the extraordinary waters at Wiesbaden. The levity with which he at first takes up the topic, is offensive; the culinary associations to which he seems to cling, are mean and

unworthy. Could we have done so, we would gladly have separated them from the description of the truly wonderful phenomenon of these boiling waters. But the true and appropriate conception flashes at last upon his mind, and he beholds in it, — as who is there that does not, — a visible display of the mysteries of Omnipotence. It has been as beautifully as truly said, that the “undevout astronomer is mad.” The same remark might with equal force and justice be applied to the undevout geologist. Of all the absurdities ever started, none more extravagant can be named, than that the grand and far-reaching researches and discoveries of geology are hostile to the spirit of religion. They seem to us, on the very contrary, to lead the inquirer, step by step, into the more immediate presence of that tremendous POWER, which could alone produce and can alone account for the primitive convulsions of the globe, of which the proofs are graven in eternal characters, on the sides of its bare and cloud-piercing mountains, or are wrought into the very substance of the strata that compose its surface, and which are also, day by day, and hour by hour, at work, to feed the fires of the volcano, to pour forth its molten tides, or to compound the salubrious elements of the mineral fountains, which spring in a thousand valleys. In gazing at the starry heavens, all glorious as they are, we sink under the awe of their magnitude, the mystery of their secret and reciprocal influences, the bewildering conception of their distances. Sense and science are at war. The sparkling gem, that glitters on the brow of night, is converted by science into a mighty orb, — the source of light and heat, the centre of attraction, the sun of a system like our own. The beautiful planet, which lingers in the western sky, when the sun has gone down, or heralds the approach of morning, — whose mild and lovely beams seem to shed a spirit of tranquillity, not unmingled with sadness nor far removed from devotion, into the very heart of him who wanders forth in solitude to behold it, — is, in the contemplation of science, a cloud-wrapt sphere; a world of rugged mountains and stormy deeps. We study, we reason, we calculate. We climb the giddy scaffold of induction up to the very stars. We borrow the wings of the boldest analysis and flee to the uttermost parts of creation, and then, shutting our eyes on the radiant points that twinkle in the vault of night, the well-instructed mind sees opening before it, in mental vision, the STUPENDOUS MECHANISM OF THE HEAVENS. Its

planets swell into worlds. Its crowded stars recede, expand, become central suns, and we hear the rush of the mighty orbs that circle round them. The bands of Orion are loosened, and the sparkling rays, which cross each other on his belt, are resolved into floods of light, streaming from system to system, across the illimitable pathways of the outer heavens. The conclusions, which we reach, are oppressively grand and sublime; the imagination sinks under them; the truth is too vast, too remote from the premises, from which it is deduced; and man, poor frail man, sinks back to earth, and sighs to worship again, with the innocence of a child or a Chaldean shepherd, the quiet and beautiful stars, as he sees them in the simplicity of sense. But in the province of geology, there are some subjects, in which the senses seem, as it were, led up into the laboratory of divine power. Let a man fix his eyes upon one of the marble columns in the capitol at Washington. He sees there a condition of the earth's surface, when the pebbles of every size, and form, and material, which compose this singular species of stone, were held suspended in the medium, in which they are now imbedded, then a liquid sea of marble, which has hardened into the solid, lustrous, and variegated mass before his eye, in the very substance of which he beholds the record of a convulsion of the globe. Let him go and stand upon the sides of the crater of Vesuvius, in the ordinary state of its eruptions, and contemplate the lazy stream of molten rocks, that oozes out quietly at his feet, encasing the surface of the mountain as it cools with a most black and stygian crust, or lighting up its sides at night with streaks of lurid fire. Let him consider the volcanic island, which arose a few years since, in the neighborhood of Malta, spouting flames, from the depths of the sea;—or accompany one of our own navigators from Nantucket to the Antarctic ocean, who, finding the centre of a small island, to which he was in the habit of resorting, sunk in the interval of two of his voyages, sailed through an opening in its sides where the ocean had found its way, and moored his ship* in the smouldering crater of a recently extinguished volcano. Or, finally, let him survey the striking phenomenon, which our author has described, and which has led us to this train of remark, a mineral fountain of salubrious qualities, of a temperature greatly above that of the surface of the earth

* J. N. Reynolds's Report to the Secretary of the Navy.

in the region where it is found, compounded of numerous ingredients in a constant proportion, and known to have been flowing from its secret springs, as at the present day, at least for eighteen hundred years, unchanged, unexhausted. The religious sense of the elder world, in an early stage of civilization, placed a genius or a divinity by the side of every spring that gushed from the rocks, or flowed from the bosom of the earth. Surely it would be no weakness, for a thoughtful man, who should resort, for the renovation of a wasted frame, to one of these salubrious mineral fountains, if he drank in their healing waters as a gift from the outstretched, though invisible hand, of an *everywhere present and benignant POWER*.

ART. IV. — *Life of G. D. Boardman.*

Memoir of George Dana Boardman, late Missionary to Burmah. Boston. 1834.

THE literature of Christian Missions already forms one of the most interesting and extensive chapters in the general literary history of our times. Not many years have elapsed, since the spirit of protestant missions came into being ; — and already that spirit has kindled the altars of true religion in almost every nation upon earth, and engaged in its operations hundreds of pious, heroic and gifted individuals, of whose travels and toil, of whose noble schemes and glorious achievements, and martyr-like endurance of every conceivable form of danger and pain, — of whose godly lives and happy deaths, the records form an extensive library ; — a library unsurpassed, if not unequalled, in thrilling incident, in memorable record, in magnanimity of purpose, in valuable lessons, in praiseworthy actions.

What a collection do we possess of missionary voyages and travels ; — travels that track the map of our earth from the icebergs of Greenland, to the torrid deserts of Africa ; — from the mountain-holds of our own aborigines, to the borders of China and Siam.

But, above all, what a host of biographies of holy men, and devout and heroic women, — who have labored and suffered